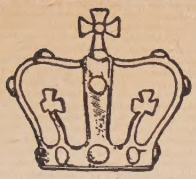

O'GRADY SEZZ:

Richard H. Fox

WITHDRAWN

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O'GRADY SEZZ:

Lloyd LeMan

Richard H. Fox
1898–1925

O'GRADY SEZZ:

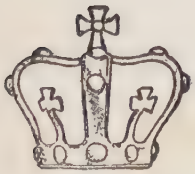
An Informal Collection of Poems, Portraits and Campus Personalities

By

RICHARD H. FOX

Columbia College 1921

"A most provincial lout am I—
I sing of Alma's bronzed neck,
Of Butler's apes, of Norris' cane,
The Chaplain's well-thumbed
poker deck."



PRIVATELY PRINTED FOR THE FRIENDS OF DICK FOX BY SIMON AND SCHUSTER:
New York - - 1926

WITHDRAWN

THE material in this book has been assembled by the friends of Dick Fox from his writings in the campus publications, *Spectator* and *Jester*. We hope in this manner to preserve in affectionate memory the personality of *O'Grady Sezz* and the Columbia College of his time.

FOREWORD

OCCASIONALLY a man stands out from among his fellows as a rare and choice spirit, possessing in fuller measure than is given to most of us qualities that endear him to those with whom he comes in contact.

It has seemed worth while to a few of the many friends of Dick Fox that as much of his quizzical humor and passing comment on men and things as can be caught in cold type be brought together in a little book.

To his friends, these extracts from his contributions to the *Columbia Spectator* and other periodicals will recall one of the most lovable souls they have ever known; a man whose capacity for friendship and loyalty was very great, so great, in fact, that it absorbed his whole life.

To those who did not know him this volume may indicate dimly the kind of person that he was, and remind them that even in this generation of action and practicality young men may dwell quietly among us, diffusing to their fellows a spirit of comradeship, devotion and loyalty that means so much to our life in Columbia College.

HERBERT E. HAWKES

Office of the Dean,
Columbia College.

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I

"Men of Morningside"

"MEN OF MORNINGSIDE"

The Dean of Columbia College

I think of all the Facultee
The Dean has written most to me—
He'll send, eftsoons, a "please call" letter,
Because my work ain't got no better.

The Rutherford Professor of Astronomy

Jehovy, that sturdy, cane-armed guardian
Of the astronomical night,
Halts his Buick
Opposite his Sun Dial,
Navigates to his Wilde Observatory.

* * *

They say as how once
Jehovy said to Ray Perkins
(Or was it Freddy Schang?)
"Are you reading Spec in my class?"
And Ray
(Or was it Freddy?)
Looked up and said,
"No sir, I'm taking my
Morning observation of *The Sun.*"

* * *

Those were the days when
The wit flowed free.

"MEN OF MORNINGSIDE"

John J. Coss

Please enter 211 Library
WITHOUT KNOCKING
And behold this jolly modern monk
At labor in his sun-lit cell—
Co-ordinating,
Synthesizing,
Directing,
Dictating,
Signing,
Phoning.

Robert Sessions Woodworth

At the Decussation of the Pyramids
Of Psychology
You stand alone,
Saying something important
Unemphatically
Whilst you gaze thru
A window of thought.

* * *

You told my adviser
I took your course
Merely for the points—
Why, damn my soul, learned sir,
For what purpose do students
Of my ungodly ilk
Attend certain lectures?

* * *

I like your book, "Dynamic Psychology."

"MEN OF MORNINGSIDE"

Lewis P. Siceloff

Ah, thou Bergson of the Math Department!
Who play'st Socrates to
The propositions of Euclid.
Thy gentle lips
Proclaim the Ultimate Understanding
That lies
At the end
Of
A semester of Solid Geometry.

The Supe of B & G

Twirling his dainty cane he strides,
This lord of Hartley's cockroach hordes,
Our high and mighty Harry Lee,
In whom the dormite's faith abides.

Doc Mead

A vandyked Elizabethan,
Who plays tag in English B8
With sonorous Weaver
And soporific Fansler.

Mr. Lemcke of the Bookstore

"A deposit of twenty-five cents, please."
He is a rare first edition
Of that great work, "Detached Personality."
I fear that someone will speak harshly
To him some day
And startle him into heart failure.

John Erskine

A genial critic's Roaring Jack,
Who knoweth poetry—centuries back.

He aideth learning, not alone
In peace: he formed the U. of Beaune;
And there pursued scholastic duties,
Assisted by his Golden Cooties.

The K. C. Graduate Treasurer

Herbert Augustus Koenig,
Ex-pitcher,
Ex-chairman of the Junior Week Committee,
Ex-campaign manager (Republicanism guaranteed),
Drew about him
A partition, some chicken wire,
A safe and a stenog.
Of his personal property he
Took a pipe and some law books.
He is now living happily
(At home, noon, daily)
In the Love Nest,
East Hall.

G. C. D. Odell

What I mean to say is
That he's rather stout than lean;
But I never took a course with him,
So you know what I mean.

The Nash Professor of Law

Nathan Abbott
Is the Property Man.
He is not easy to hear:
All the law school persons
Crowd up close to his desk.
Were I with them I'd sing,

"Here we go 'round the Property Man,
Property Man, Property Man,
Here we go 'round the Property Man
Early in the morning."—

Brander Matthews

Do you remember 301 Hamilton?—
A pleasant old fellow
Sits in the afternoon sunlight,
His eyes, a-twinkle, are
Helping the sun
Fill the room with mellow warmth.
Quite in confidence
(Please don't repeat this!)
He tells us that when
He was made a professor
Mark Twain remarked at a dinner
That the name "Brander"
Made him think of
"The roaring of a lost soul
In hell."

Publicity Release

J. T. Grady
Is a wraith that floats
In and out of ghostly East Hall:
Grady, telegraph editor here,
Managing editor there
City editor somewhere else,
Copy reader of a hundred cities.
I see him climb the dim-lit stairs
To the Seventh Heaven of
Public Information.

"MEN OF MORNINGSIDE"

The Secretary

Frank Fackenthal, tho chill the day,
His shiny cranium never clothes;
With hands in trouser pockets he
Along the Campus wends his way.

The Rice Professor of English

I love to hear old grandpa Jim
Sing, reverent-like, a solemn hymn;
He teaches poetry to the crew,
And swears in Anglo-Saxon, too.

Guardian Angel

Pete's a keen, bold, blue-clad sleuth
Who chases mischief-seeking Youth;
A judge is he of Campus fame—
Does he call *you* by your first name?

The Registrar-General

Clean-shaven General Grant,
Serious-eyed from his mighty responsibilities!
O Nemesis of over-cutting,
O unfailing advertiser of exam schedules!
May your path in the next world
Be less weary.

* * *

You smoke melancholy cigarettes
In the Commons or the Fac Club,
And seem to be (mentally) fighting
It out along a certain line
Even if it takes from soup to coffee.

Doctor Butler

If your Stadium Grand Opera Company
Succeeds,
We shall howl:
"Maestro, maestro!"

Mr. Campbell of the Registrar's Office

A brisk little person,
Handling books,
Looking up marks,
Handing out program cards,
Sending students to
"The next window."

* * *

They say the girls
In the Registrar's Office
(Bea Young and the rest)
Kid him about his
Temperance Society
Affiliations.

The Chaplain

Heigh-ho! old Reggie's merry smile
Twixt Earl and Chapel oft is seen;
Right gleefully the hymn he names
His noon-hour service to beguile.

Parker T.

An eloquent enigma
Is this bright, distant Moon
In the Heaven of Hayes.

"MEN OF MORNINGSIDE"

Dixon Ryan Fox

He stands, black-robed, in the chapel,
A reincarnated Roman,
Noble but compassionate,
Pleading kindly
For sterner virtues
And a greater love
For the Republic.

* * *

A scholarly, tireless mind—
Some day he'll write on
"The Genealogy of Purgatory"
Or, if in another clime,
"Landed Families Among the Archangels."

Mister Weaver

In a desert waste of Usualness
Shines the Weaverian Ray.

* * *

He enters the classroom
In that chaste fortuitousness of haberdashery,
Bringing much wisdom
Behind a dramatic knitting of the brows,
His boisterousness beheld
All in a quickly submerged smile. . . .
He sits at his graceful ease
In a room
That is *not* Livingston,
Smoking infinite cigarettes,
Talking Campus shop. . . .
The eloquent gesture
Of his academic corpus
Is in a talk on Dante;

The eloquent gesture
Of his bodily bulk
Is in a swim
At Ed Kennedy's Baths
(Where one thought him a Freshman). . . .

* * *

Discriminating wit,
Painter, essayist, music lover.

* * *

A Renaissance gentleman he—
How they would have adored him
As a duke or something!

Henry Lang

Sage of the Old Columbia!
Guardian of the sanctity of ancient beer parties!
Little Old Man of Morningside!
When you and Jim Rice founded
Columbia College in the
City of New York
Now absorbed in Columbia University,
Ibid.,
Did you dream of
The New Columbia?

* * *

You must will your
Scrap book of twenty-seven years
To the Alumni Association.

II

Off-Hour

THE OFF-HOUR

SENTENCES FOR THE DAY

Wed. 15—Back again, eh? Whatsortasummerdjahave?

Th. 16—Yea, I gotta add another course to make twelve points.

Fr. 17—Well, you know Kennedy and Weinstein won't be back.

Sa. 18—How about tomorrow night at eight? Oright, kid.

Su. 19—She was good-looking, yes-but a different type from you.

Mo. 20—Who's down at the house?

Tu. 21—Boy, she was the sweetest little dancer in the hotel, I'll tell the world.

Wed. 22—Gonna cut today?

Th. 23—No more jazzing around for me. I'm gonna WORK.

Fr. 24—See me in East Hall at noon.

Sa. 25—Hey, freshman, got a match?

ORIENTATION

Q. What is OFF HOUR?

A. A humorous column, so-called, published every

time this invaluable sheet is fed to the devouring public.

Q. What sort of stuff does your column publish?

A. Anything that is proper and not too long. Purity Is Our First Rule. We run squibs, serious poetry, personal comment, short essays, paragraphs, light and dark verse, ads for dances and picnics, theatrical notices, letters from the common people, kicks about the book store service, beauty recipes, insults aimed at people we don't like, easy hootch formulas, and all that sort of thing.

ALMA MATER'S TROUSSEAU

(Ed. Note—It is not meet and proper that scholars should disagree on such a sacred question as the history of our own Columbia. We wish, therefore, to urge the public to rely on the facts about Columbia College as they are presented by Dixon Ryan Fox. He is a historian. We are a journalist. Take the following essay, flexible in chronology and impressionistic in interpretation, not for what it's worth, but as you like it—R. H. F.)

Years and years—oh—ever so long ago, when Bundschuh was a wee puling baby in County Kerry, there lived in one of the backwood areas of this mongrel city a little girl name Mamie. Mamie Jenks, to be specific.

The tale of her mortal trials would now be in the short and simple annals of the submerged tenth had it not been for the ambition of two young men. These men were Henry Lang and James Trelawney Rice, none other than the founders of our own Columbia College. They wanted to establish a college for the common people right here in aristocratic Manhattan.

They did that very thing; and here we all are to-day!

Well, as we said, that all happened awfully long ago! In those days some things were happening but most things weren't. Events were contouring and affairs were shaping themselves for the new nationalism and all that sort of thing, you know.

The plot of the story begins with the installation of Mamie Jenks as mascot of Columbia College. Mamie ran a candy and tobacco shop on the present site of Jehovy's Sun Dial. She was a pleasant, self-reliant, and witty girl, who knew how to use her tongue in all circumstances. Needless to say, she was the idol of the undergraduates. Henry and Jim were tickled to death. Jim was even known to swear in his delight. That was long ago, however.

We have found that a frat pin is mighty handy when you want to clean the vowel keys of the office Remington.

CONFESSIONS OF A COLUMNIST

We were born in Philadelphia, somewhere on Nineteenth Street. The houses are all alike in that part of Philly (well, you know the city) and we wonder if they will ever get the right one when they set out to preserve our birthplace. It seems that the neighbors toasted us royally in plenteous champagne. Which fact proves to you that we weren't born yesterday. They made a gladsome occasion of our birth. As for ourselves, history has it that we cried like a baby.

We remember our grandfathers very well. Grandpa Ben always kept peppermints in his pockets and made us search for them. Grandpa Mark (he was an orchestral director—quite famous, in fact) was a dig-

nified person who had a very even disposition and once brought us a silk American flag. One of our earliest words was "pocket-book," a rather poor lead for a journalistic career.

Tell us, shall we continue this?

HER PAPA'S DAUGHTER

Miss Sarah Schuyler Butler, only child of Dr. Butler, who is President of Columbia University in the City of New York, attended a reception in Law School the other day. She was asked whether she preferred tea or coffee. Like a flash came the reply, "Coffee; it's more wicked."

SOCIAL REGISTER

Brander Matthews says as how Washington Irving, who used to live over Tarrytown way, almost entered Columbia. He probably was barred for his heretical view of history, as evidenced in his Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York.

Dave Cort, the poetic Frosh, will be a better poet when he gets over being a Frosh.

Willett Eccles' girl lives in White Plains. It's a great little burg, Ec, even if it is Republican. And the seven-fifty-two down on Monday mornings isn't so bad, is it?

Another Laguardia has come to Columbia. Syd Kaye suggests that the Laguardias hold a family reunion some day in the main gymnasium.

Little Jack Wildberg, the boy reporter, who uses cigarettes, shaves every fortnight, and wears long trousers, has deserted Spec to become a law school person. We do not forgive Jack for this insult to

the sheet, and will hereafter show him that we no longer consider him a social equal.

James Rice complained to the editor of this column last Saturday morning that he (James) had more ups and downs than a hod carrier.

S. R. Watts and Nick McKnight, the Scotch-Irish pedestrian team, saw the Dempsey-Brennan debate.

SENTENCES FOR THE DAY

Sun. 26—You won't see me holding down your parlor chairs on any night except Sunday. I'm carrying NINETEEN POINTS.

Mon. 27—What's the name of this instructor?

Tue. 28—Pledged him, did they! They must have chloroformed him before they put the pledge pin on him.

Wed. 29—So that's Professor Erskine!

Thu. 30—Hey, let me see your Spec just a minute, will you?

Fri. 1—Now, listen, cutie—you want to look your very nicest, because we'll probably be a little late and walk right in front of all the fellows in the cheering section.

Sat. 2—SMEAR THAT GUY!!!!!

Sun. 3—Now, how could I introduce you to Bill Taylor! I don't know him personally. . . . I know he flirted with you. He does that with all the pretty ones.

BROOKS BLUBBER FOR OUR CHARLES

That scene is like a turbulent, weeping brook in moonlight; it remains indelible in one's memory.—

Publishd Dramatic Criticisms of Charles McMorris Purdy.

ALMA MATER'S TROUSSEAU

Synopsis of Chapter One—Henry Lang and James Trelawney Rice, two pioneer educators of New York City, founded Columbia College in the City of New York. Mamie Jenks, a witty and charming young woman, ran a candy and tobacco shop on the site of the present Sun Dial. She became the idol of the undergraduates.

Chapter Two

Well, we must stick in a little more plot. There is some plot left over from "Fly With Me" and we'll use that. . . . After a term of prosperous years Columbia College became a university. Universities have the dignity of an alma mater. She gets into song and speech. Jim and Henry were appointed as the committee on the securing of an alma mater for their rapidly growing child, so to speak.

Now these old boys had some sentiment in their hides. Secretly they resented the presence of any woman other than Mamie on the campus. But she was too frisky to be an alma mater, that is, an orthodox alma mater. So they decided on a nefarious scheme. They schemed on a secret marriage for Mamie. The bridegroom? SSSSHHHH! PLOT! Up in the Philosophy Department was Hy Mindedness, known to his intimates as The Spirit of Aristotle. Henry said they'd have to be darn careful about kidnapping the lad because if the philosophs discovered the theft they would raise metaphysical hell. (To be continued)

CONFESSIONS OF A COLUMNIST

At the age of five and a half we were entered in Pelham Kindergarten, Germantown, Pa. At this institution we had a number of experiences, the most outstanding of which is our first love affair. That first love has something much in common with most of our subsequent love affairs, viz, namely, and to wit—we worshipped from afar.

Her name was Ethel. Every time we met a girl named Ethel, we wonder if this can be. . . . But we never ask. Ethel was about nine years old. She was in the class in the next room. Once in a while she came thru our kindergarten room. We used to sit facing the East. Ah, the sight of that glorious and haughty blonde, passing between us and morning sunlight!!! Isn't it queer that, young tho we are, we gained the impression that Ethel was haughty. Of late years we have seen other haughty women, women who can be offended by a glance, women who act as if an impersonal stare of purely journalistic origin were an insult.

Of course, we intended to marry Ethel. And our ideal of wedded life was this: we would please Ethel by buying her all the hats she wanted. Well, we never got very far in the romance. In cold fact, we never spoke to Ethel except, and note this carefully, in imagination. We have had all kinds of interesting imaginary conversations with lots and lots of people. We have had a few interesting conversations with real people. For instance, there is the résumé of personalities which Adie Schwarz and we enjoyed one night over a table at the C and L. But we digress—just as one does in conversation.

DOLLY OF THE C & L

Stately, bovine blonde,
White-clad, short-skirted,
With a lilt of the eyebrows
And queenly deference you take my order.
The peevish pout you sometimes wear,
The trifling baubles you always wear,
The you-be-damned self-consciousness
With which you take each step
Are atoned for
By the incompatible sensitiveness
Of humorous blue eyes.
You are a Brünnehilde with a plate of wheats,
Juno placing silver.

ORIENTATION

Q. Altho it is presumptuous of me, a mere Extension student, to trouble you for advice, I should like to ask you what aid you have found to be of greatest value in your newspaper work?

A. Copy paper and a typewriter.

Q. Man, this here New York summer is terrible. I can't get comfortable. Is there any way of forgetting my troubles?

A. Yes—go down into Morningside Park some morning. Sit on the steps. Watch some fat woman climb those same steps. Note the copious functioning of the pores, the straggling hair, the high coloring, the lolling carriage. Then enjoy your masculine existence and thank Nature you are not a fat woman in New York on a hot day.

ALMA MATER'S TROUSSEAU

Let us consider the seal of Columbia University in the City of New York. At the top are three letters which the average person, thinking of the cosmopolitan composition of the University of the Common People, will tell you are Hebrew. The inner circle, who have followed this history closely, have a suspicion that this is the mystic name of Hy Mindedness, the Spirit of Aristotle. In point of fact these three letters are nothing but the initials H. E. H. of Dean Hawkes of Columbia College. Now do you see the value of scholarship and research over casual inference and crude guesswork?

The first time we ever saw Dean Hawkes was just before the opening of college in 1917. He was censoring program cards. He asked each Soph what sort of summer he had had. If the answer was O. K., so was the program; and once more the famous H. E. H. was affixed.

There are four figures in the central panel. One of them is clad in a trousseau. The other three are quite nude. These three are, of course, Jim and Henry and Brander. When King (Harry) Fisher saw the seal for the first time, he fainted. On recovery, he issued a decree that no one should ever cross the campus in athletic costume. It is fortunate for Colsey and Pop Weeman that Harry is gone. Well, you wonder if it is really true that James T. Rice and Henry Lang and Brander Matthews appeared bare-footed on South Court. Dearly beloved readers—truth is stranger than fiction, and some of the things you see in this column are stranger than truth.

THE CARLTONIAN TOUCH

". . . And Thursday I'll dismiss you with my blessing. But I'll hear from you after that. You'll write to me."—C. J. H. H. to Hist. 54.

CONFESSIONS OF A COLUMNIST

Peace is softening. War is quickening to the spirit and the flesh.

The last time we hit a man was in the army. We were busted out of C. O. T. S. for the offence. The other day we stood next a man who had done us deliberate dirt. We hit him with our vocabulary. And that was all. And we wondered at the deep-seated animosity of our maturity, the animosity that scorns the very physical nearness of one despised. There is something gruesome in an enmity that seeks no physical outlet, that is so deep-seated that wholesome respect for an enemy's virtues is paralysed. Have you ever felt that if a certain person dropped dead, you would be absolutely indifferent? That you wouldn't even entertain a secret satisfaction? . . . Of course, this installment of the Confessions is purely psychological. . . .

SENTENCES FOR THE DAY

Tues. 18—Did you have your picture taken for *Columbian?*

Wed. 19—I saw him at the '20 dinner.

Thurs. 20—What did you say on the fourth question?

Fri. 21—Going to eat lunch at the house to-day?

Sat. 22—I'm taking that course next semester.

Sun. 23—When these exams are over I'm going on one grand drunk.

Mon. 24—Come on downtown an' see a show.

Tues. 25—I gave him a line of bull on the fifth.

Wed. 26—Phone call for you.

Thurs. 27—I knocked that exam for a goal.

Fri. 28—Got a cigarette?

Sat. 29—Listen, kid, I can't see you on Thursday nights next semester—I gotta class.

Sun. 30—Are you in the law school?

Mon. 31—Hey, Harry, what were you doin' over at the Faculty Club last night?

Tues. 1—What the hell becomes of all the good-looking janes y'see in the registrar's office?

SOCIAL REGISTER

Larry Condon was offered a package of caramels the other day. He gently asked the donor what office he was running for.

Archie Dawson of Condon, Gilligan and Dawson, lives in Hartsdale on the Harlem Division.

What has become of Ed Healy of the McGonigle Healys?

Harold Sproul, peerless leader of Columbia's Y. M. C. A., assures us that the ideals of the Church are growing more practical.

Camp Columbians will be interested to learn that the Bussemey sisters, Irene and Violet, spent a pleasant Thanksgiving holiday having their tonsils removed.

We had the honor last week of shaking hands with Battling Hardy, Columbia's promising contender for the intellectual heavyweight championship.

Nicholas Murray Butler and John Bassett Moore

were discussing something legal last week. Syd Kaye heard 'em.

Law School persons will be interested to know that the Curator of the Metropolitan Museum of Art has secured an option on Terrible Terry's derby.

OUR CHARLES, AGAIN

There are three different kinds of musical comedies: ones that you can walk out of after the first act, ones that are so clever or so snappy that you fairly pound the floor for more, and lastly, the nice quiet shows, with pleasing music, pleasing girls, pleasing everything, the kind you can take your family or your best lady friend to without having cause to blush discreetly in the dark.—Published Dramatic Criticisms of Charles McMorris Purdy.

* * *

We read McMorris' latest on the 9:45 Bummelzug to White Plains the other night and, with our belly full of near-beer, warbled Pinaforically to the empty seats:

Oh, Minnie dear, won't you come with me
To a Purdyan musical comedy,
Which is, of course, number two or three—
The first is so poor you'd walk out, you see.
If it has jazz we will tap our feet;
If it's risqué we will blush discreet—
Oh, Minnie dear, won't you come with me
To a Purdyan musical comedy.

In New York City the sun diminuendoes over the New Jersey skyline to a factory smoke obbligato. In Westchester County the sun goes down behind the hills.

ALMA MATER'S TROUSSEAU

Synopsis of earlier installments: In the dear dead past, which we, as a scholar in our chosen field of history, are trying to rejuvenate, little Mamie Jenks, who now is known as Alma Mater, inspired the founding of Jester. Mamie was the campus wit of Brander Matthews' day. A collection of witticisms from her salon (a tobacco and candy shop on the present site of the Sun Dial) was published under the title of Mamie's Journal. After her marriage this name was changed to Jester. Well, Mamie was getting married at the end of the last installment. Professor Woodbridge, now Dean Woodbridge, objected to the sensational circumstances of the ceremony and attempted to break it up, as the Frosh say. He was foiled by Henry Lang.

Chapter Three

Well, Prof. Woodbridge couldn't order Henry out of the way because Henry Lang had helped Jim Rice found the blooming and prosperous college. And Henry was in uniform. When said Henry is in uniform, his face means business. He is a very stern person, unless you talk to him and find that he is nothing of the sort.

Of course, the marriage was a very mystical affair. Virgil Markham has described it in his powerful poem, "When I Was Clothed In Seven Veils And You Were Incognito." Walter Schulman may read this poem on poetry evening, and then again—he may not.

At any rate, the Spirit of Aristotle fitted Mamie for the position of Alma Mater. She became serious, re-

flective, dignified, eminently genteel. Her pink and white skin changed to the hue of spiritual gold. True, it has peeled slightly "after the many years," but no matter. Her girlish figure assumed a classic copiousness.

You can imagine the delight of the public when, at the unveiling of Alma Mater on the day following the marriage, they saw the symbol of a new era sitting in her chair outside Hadrian's tomb. It was a great day. Dean Van Amringe and Bishop Potter and Professor Harry Thurston Peck were there. Dr. Butler, President of Columbia University in the City of New York, which was the outgrowth of Columbia College in the same city, made a speech. (To be continued)

We automatically resigned from the old clothes' movement when the patch in our trousers gave way the other night.

CONFESSIONS OF A COLUMNIST

Our autobiography does not follow the so-called logical sequence of time. Who the devil wants to read the life of a man as he would read a golf club time sheet for the pairs in medal play! Certainly not ourself—and nobody enjoys reading these confessions more than ourself.

Having informed you that we shall write of what we will (we'll try to make everything, however, fairly truthful and amusing) we hasten to our topic, which is the Impossible Woman. She came into our life when we were six years old. Our maternal parent had arranged a birthday party for us. The affair took place on Washington's Birthday, inasmuch as we were to depart from Germantown before our own natal day

arrived. Well, at any rate, she invited all the boys and one girl. The table decorations were hatchets filled with cherries and all that sort of thing, you know.

Mary Stephenson was one of your quiet, colorless girls who never amuse you, fascinate you, or make you angry. She was, ergo, the Impossible Woman. Mary is one of the trio of our early youth. There was Ethel, whom we loved from afar, and the freckle-faced kid, whom we called on at eight in the morning, we, wearing kid gloves in summer time. . . . What has become of Ethel—and what has become of the freckle-faced kid?

ORIENTATION

Q. You seem to have a delightful time poking so-called fun at your acquaintances, of whom I am one. I accept your rather weak satire in all good nature, but would ask you why the devil you don't turn your Corona on yourself once in a while. You have plenty of faults, you know.

A. Well, Charles McMorris Purdy, of all things—to utter such a peevish slam at your spiritual adviser! The part that makes me (not editorially) wince is that you are right. The reason we treat ourself easy is that to satirize ourself would be a waste of space. Vir ille, Horace, remarked, "Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur." Ponder these words, Charles!

Betty thought Cal Taylor was "adorable"—and wanted to know whether he was a young man. Betty thinks Gyp Reaves is "a sweet lamb," and that Freddie Curran is "a darling." She had something nice to say about a big, blue-eyed traffic cop who stopped

traffic for her on Fifth Avenue. We're not jealous, however. Once, Betty let her paddle trail idly, and said, with a half turn of her shapely head, "You are funny." She accented the verb.

SENTENCES FOR THE DAY

Mon. 4—That boy Canapary just lives football.

Tues. 5—I don't see why you use the conditional—I may be pretty dumb (sotto voce).

Wed. 6—Going to take anybody to the game?

Thurs. 7—Walk me over to East Hall. (This sentence is used by kind permission of George Jester Macy, who owns the copyright.)

Fri. 8—"Hello! Night editor? This is McKnight speaking. Everything going all right? That's good. Well, let me know if you have any trouble."

Sat. 9—I don't think there's anything particularly wrong about kissing a girl you like.

Sun. 10—No breakfast for me.

Mon. 11—Well, Wesleyan beat 'em an' they turned around and licked Williams. Swarthmore beat 'em an' they'll turn right around and beat Cornell. You'll see.

Tues. 12—I'm shot to hell. Got in at three this g. m.

Wed. 13—I know everybody tells you the same thing—but you're an awfully smooth dancer.

ALMA MATER'S TROUSSEAU

Synopsis—The synopsis is omitted by a vote of two to one. Last week we consulted three people in reference to the reception of our treatise. One was an attractive young lady from T. C. Another was one of our favorite professors. The third was a law school

man. The first two are well versed in the complete array of facts, etc. in Alma Mater's Trousseau, while the third is bemoaning his hard luck in missing one installment. So we decided, "No catering to occasional readers next week. Give the public nothing but the actual new stuff." Then we thought of the law student. He isn't a bad sort, you know. And he wants to read the whole story, you know. So we said, "Well, let's use this for our Ph. D. thesis. We were going to publish it anyhow, some day. Having it come out as a thesis will cut the sales. But no matter—we owe ourselves some sort of degree. Let it be Doctor of Philosophy."

ANOTHER CHAPTER

Some plot hound is on our trail because we have said so little of the Trousseau. Well, there isn't much of it for a New York winter, is there? One cold night a drunken Scot came upon Mamie in South Court. The Scot was maudlin and blear-eyed as he climbed the steps, but he had enough possession of his faculties to recognize the fact that this girl was (how shall we put it?) thinly clad. He used some awful language and ended up with the exhortation, "Gae haim wi' ye. Gae haim wi' ye." Have you read the verse commemorating the event? Dear us, of course, you haven't—we haven't written it yet. (To be further deployed)

ORIENTATION

Q. Is there any Bureau of Information in East Hall?

A. Yes. If you want to know where Glee Club Concert Tickets are on sale, interrupt a meeting of the

managing board of JESTER. If you want to know where to find a member of Student Board, ask a stranger who is buying a football ticket. If you want to apply to Harry Lee Norris for a job as janitor, ask the Spec columnist where Room 110 is. If you want to register for a course, come up any Saturday afternoon and ask a Frosh candidate for the band if Miss Hall's class is all filled up. When in doubt, go to JESTER desk; never hesitate about interrupting any work or conversation; and, above all, never be so bourgeois as to thank anyone for his trouble.

One of the most amusing situations of the year is submitted for your consideration: A group of the Younger, Intellectuals, instructors in philosophy, nearly all, seated in animated converse at the Commons football training table.

THE EAST HALL BLUES

Damn people who ask for information.

Damn the bird who hasn't a cigarette when I want to bum one.

Damn the slush of the campus that wets and chills my feet when I go out to eat lunch.

Damn the exchanges—nothing in 'em I can turn into copy.

Damn Jester—it's too much work.

Damn Varsity—it's like weak beer.

Damn Spec—it doesn't come out on Saturday.

Damn Floyd Taylor—he makes me grin when I want to have a grouch.

Damn the awful heat in this place.

Damn those turkey croquettes I ate for lunch.

OFF-HOUR

Damn that crowd that crushed my derby in Journalism elevator.

Damn the whole world—it doesn't run the way I'd like it to.

Damn girls—they love too little or too much.

Damn the courses I've got to take next semester.

Damn each and every nine o'clock. If I lose sleep catching the 7:52 my sweet disposition will be ruined.

Damn the C&L—Dolly's gone.

Damn prohibition—I don't drink hard stuff, and I can't get beer.

Damn the debating team candidates who argue over my slumped shoulders—they make me too conscious of my stagnant mentality.

Damn my home town—it knows too much about me.

Damn dance music—they play stupidly, and they don't play what I'd like to hear 'em play.

Damn work—I hate it.

Damn leisure—I don't know how to use it.

Damn the Columbia Library—I've got to use it next semester.

Damn this sloppy-looking desk.

Damn the people who give me advice—they're nearly always right.

Damn the black-gowned proctors and the bell and the question papers and the writing, writing, writing.

* * *

Well, what the hell, two years ago today I was sitting in Co. 1 kitchen, peeling boiled potatoes, and watching the cook spit tobacco juice on the floor of the mess hall.

SENTENCES FOR THE DAY

Wed. 1—My mother fainted last night. I showed her an honest-to-goodness copy of Varsity.

Thurs. 2—Who's got a cigarette?

Fri. 3—Listen, boy, you ain't doin' Me no favor by takin' two dances. It's me that's doin You a favor givin' 'em to yuh' I'll tell yuh.

Sat. 4—I'll have to eat at the delicatessen next week.

Sun. 5—Can you lend me five till middle o' next week, old man?

Mon. 6—I'm sorry, sir, I didn't know the assignment.

ALMA MATER'S TROUSSEAU

Snyposis—The editor of this column, altho he is not an undisputed authority on social gymnastics, wishes, nevertheless, to avail himself of his own column to the extent of telling you young gentlemen how to pay a call in Furnald Hall.

Start the visit right by presenting a flawless appearance. Bathe, shave, shine your shoes, change your linen, and all that sort of thing, you know. The self-consciousness of tidiness will give you a certain amount of moral support. Give a thought to your finger nails. Girls notice such things.

Both doors open toward you and on the left. When you come out they open away from you and on the right. Get the correct door and arm motion, nonchalantly. Such efficient action will have its effect on whatever girls and lobby artists may be watching you out of the corner of their eye or their chair.

Be a high stepper, that is, don't trip on the rug. Glance around the lobby. If somebody you know, say, for instance, Tommie Schomburg, is there; smile, and nod to him casually. Then, naturally, the girl with Schommie will want to know who you are.

Stroll up to the office. Take your time. Don't get

anxious. When someone in charge looks at you questioningly, tell her in a low matter-of-fact tone who (whom) you wish to see and whom (who) you are.

Pick a chair to sit in. The lounges have broken springs. The reason for this condition is that some heavy birds collapsed in them out of sheer nervousness after giving their names. When someone tells you that Miss Thingumajigger will be right down, get in a good quarter of an hour's studying for that history quiz.

On Sunday one of the girls plays hymns in a melancholy sort of way, but you must maintain your mental equilibrium even when she wanders off and murmurs that melodious Russian chart you heard down at the "Isba." On week-days Furnald lobby is the beach for the ebb and flow of co-eds. If you happen to be a journalistic sort of person, drop in there some pleasant afternoon and observe. It is all very entertaining.

At any rate, this is a most valuable synopsis. Too serious to spoil by adding a chapter, don't you think?

ORIENTATION

Q. I heard a fellow last semester got 5A's and 2B's out of seven courses. Did he have to work very hard to attain such high standing?

A. No, he didn't: he took all those courses in the School of Business.

CONFESSIONS OF A COLUMIST

Hero-worship began at the age of five. The object of our reverence was a man who drove a dump-cart. We did not call him "Mister President," or Professor," or even "Sir." We called him "Pat." Thus

did we steer dangerously close to Bolshevism—by indulging in a democratic epithet while engaged in conversation with a superior being.

We remember distinctly that Pat was a genial soul, full of practical wisdom, and very fond of pie. Of a noon Pat would send us to the corner store for a mince pie. The cost of that pie was a nickel. Somehow or other we recollect that Pat would insist that we partake of the delicacy. If he did, we are sure our mother objected vigorously to our indulgence in an ungodly and indigestible article of food.

Speaking of superior beings, we might mention the fact that we never had the ambition to marry any of our female school teachers. Some of them were quite alright (a British phrase); some of them had petty meanesses. As we said in a previous chapter, we did want to marry Ethel. But Ethel, you know, was only four years older than we were. . . . What has become of Ethel? . . . We hope she did not become a telephone operator. We cannot imagine Ethel retaining her poise when told by some mere man that she had given him the wrong number.

The gentle flurries of winter approach.

STUDENT SNOW-SHOVELERS WANTED.
APPLY 110 LIBRARY.

SOCIAL REGISTER

Kippy Finch, emperor of Camp Columbia and the best boss we ever worked under, paid us and Charlie Proffitt a call last Monday.

P. M. Hayden, Esq., Frank Fackenthal's chief of

staff, inquired after our academic health recently. We had to tell him the sad truth.

Dr. Butler was quoted in the editorial columns of last Sunday's TIMES.

One of My Lord Bloomer's numerous children came into the Sigma Chi House at dinner-time the other night, and affectionately embracing the Father of All the Copy Boys, howled, "Hello, papa." My Lord thought it an awfully good joke.

Bob Curry, editor of VARSITY, 103% pure and going strong, spent his Christmas vacation in Canada. Bob said 'darn' out loud one day in East Hall, and four men and the office boy fainted.

Rondo Robinson, excited over his part of the genial hero in the Soph Show, is stuttering more than ever. Chew pebbles, Rondo.

The exotic Turney lately offered fifty cents cash, payable at once, if we would promise to keep his name out of the column. It looks like a hard winter, but our better nature triumphed. We lost four bits—and here is the exotic Turney again.

TO A GIRL AT A DANCE

Ah, I glimpse your silver slippers
Strapped by dainty bands of ribbon
Tap so lightly, rest so slightly
On the big waxed floor.

As, in spiffy blue-grey "formal,"
You are dancing. Now you see me,
(Eye me gently, yet intently)
As you pass the door!

And your mobile lips and eyebrows
Play a throbbing, lyric measure.—

Gods above me, may you love me!
I could ask no more.

* * *

If I had only cut that two o'clock in math and asked you in person to be my partner, instead of writing to you, you would be jazzing with ME, instead of that lanky intellectual jackass from law school.

ALMA MATER'S TROUSSEAU

(*by request*)

Ed. Note—It was once the custom of this column to print now and again the True Facts about Columbia. Histories come and histories go, but the INSIDE DOPE always gets readers. A new class of Freshmen has entered these sacred portals (Warren, what are portals?) without having the opportunity of reading Alma Mater's Trousseau. To run a synopsis of preceding installments would take up entirely too much space, so we have decided to start the story all over again.

Chapter One

Hy Mindedness and Mamie Jenks never had any children. Mystical marriages are not fruitful, you know. Well, free love marriages don't mean large families. And that ideally wedded pair, Hurst and Danielson, have only hypothetical children.

Well, one day a pug-nosed freckled little kid was caught sneaking over the fence into South Field. A ball game was in progress. He was nabbed by Henry Lang and brought, frightened and sniveling, before President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University in the City of New York. "What is your name,

my lad," asked Dr. Butler in a kindly manner. "Pete Brady," responded the kid, between sobs. "Are you internationally minded?" asked the Doctor. "Yes," said Pete, "my parents are Irish but I live in the Bronx." That reply tickled President Butler, who was quite a wit in the old days and he told Henry to be lenient. Henry had a talk with Mamie that midnight. The upshot of it all was that Pete became Mamie's adopted child and Henry's understudy.

Spec now has an office cat. Sex, pedigree, habits are still unknown.

ORIENTATION

Q. All kidding aside, what do you think is the greatest need of the University at the present time?

A. Very nice of you, Mac, to consult our column rather than the reports of the University officials. There are so many needs, you know. To us the most obvious is a corps of skilled quartermaster sergeants to keep the washrooms perpetually supplied with soap and paper towels. That's not kidding—we are a fussy sort of person about such things.

CONFESSIONS OF A COLUMNIST

Ralph Freed has no monopoly on Football Reminiscences. In the days of our youth we played on the same team with youngsters who later became stars. We never shone ourself. In fact, at one meeting at the Carharts and the Pirate Seconds, the Carharts were shy a man; so, in order to make a game possible without handicapping themselves, the leaders of the Pirate Seconds put us, who probably constituted the entire second string squad, on the Carharts.

The life of the football lineman is hard. Most of his efforts ar. put forth amid a wild confusion. He goes into a play, picks himself up, gets into position for the next mêlée. It was our misfortune to play right guard at the age of ten. We sort of lacked the weight that ought to go with a guard position. Whenever a play was to go thru right guard, Harry Dilger, one of the backs, would give us a hard shove in the seat of the pants. The momentum (or whatever you call it) that resulted spilled the opposing guard. It was a great life.

Rob Webster, just elected captain of Colgate, was a prodigy at the game. He simply couldn't be tackled. It was one of our ambitions to spill Rob when he went on one of his heart-breaking successful end runs. We never succeeded.

Howie Clark, who made such a great showing in athletics at Annapolis, was a member of the Carharts. He was Navy fullback last year, and was one of the coaches this year.

FURNALD SENTENCES FOR THE DAY

Mon. 11—Who's your cute little friend with the mustache?

Tues. 12—I can't do a thing with my hair—I'll have to wash it.

Wed. 13—Yes, I knitted it myself.

Thurs. 14—I've just washed my hair—I can't do a thing with it.

Fri. 15—I'm glad you like it. It's last year's.

Sat. 16—You don't have to take my arm, thank you.

Sat. 17—Tell him I'll be down right away—In about a half hour.

Bruce wants to know if anybody saw that old gentle-

man in the high silk hat who chased a penny all the way down the ramp to the lower level concourse in Grand Central Terminal.

ALMA MATER'S TROUSSEAU

Chapter Thirty-six

The chapter numbers we insert don't mean anything, dear reader,—perhaps there have been 35 previous installments, perhaps not. It's one thing to write a serial for the edification of the Campus and the exercise of our Corona and quite another to go thru our scrap-books and count all the damned chapters we have ever written.

At any rate, as old ladies say when they are telling a long story, there is a reason behind doings of this sort. When you see that this tale is a serial, you will not want to miss the next installment, will you? Say "no." Thanks . . . Well, there may never be another installment, but if there is, you'll be on the lookout for it, won't you? That's the spirit.

Alma Mater's Trousseau has a very serious purpose behind its nonsense. Subtle, as it were. You can't get what we're driving at unless you are very clever. We are just ordinarily clever—and have never quite understood what we were driving at, so there you are. It is a mighty work, indifferently planned in a burst of enthusiasm and scholarship, executed hectically. Sometimes the author has the most serious of purposes in view, namely giving a little after-dinner walk around the block to his sluggish mentality. At other times he simply lets his imagination go berserk and will elaborate on any theme that strikes his fancy between the Library and East Hall.

That last paragraph is too long, don't you think?

A treatise should never sacrifice form to scholarship.

Our mind wanders so that we fear the approach of senile decay. . . . Where is that corncob?

ORIENTATION

Q. Who is this bird Larry Condon that gets all the offices?

A. Don't speak to the Chairman of Student Board in such familiar language. Address him as Mr. Condon or Robert. He is one of the most important men on the campus, even tho he has never been admitted to that most exclusive club, the East Hall Loungers. By profession, Mr. Condon is a lawyer, a member of the firm of Weintraub, Parent, Condon and Kraus.

Q. I am puzzled by one of Carlos Contreras' illustrations in the 1921 Columbian. Is he a member of some school of art?

A. No. Carlos evidently has fallen under the influence of the Anthony Comstock Post of the American Purity League.

CONFESSIONS OF A COLUMNIST

How well we remember our first Christmas, in spite of the fact that it took place long, long ago in our hard and sin-bitten existence. With the playful innocence of childhood we poured the contents of a cologne bottle over a toy elephant. There was also a thingumjigger in which a wooden figure went from the top to the bottom of a nail-decorated slide. What the hell do you call those things, anyhow? At any rate, it was all quite wonderful. Even Philadelphia, the scene of the festivities, seemed a cheerful place that day. Have you ever walked miles and miles along a Philly cross-town street, past miles and miles of houses that are

all alike, the solid monotony broken only by the squalid side streets with their old-fashioned bakeries and their dingy tobacco shops?

Of course, we have forgotten that we meant to write about Christmas, so we had better stop.

Our idea of luxury is to be able to afford a brand new safety razor blade each and every morning.

DANCING

You never can convince a polite girl that you are a poor dancer. She may not say that you are good; she may not tell you with her eyes that you are a very neat stepper; she may not swing into your style of dancing with the abandon that is born of perfect satisfaction—but she will never say directly or indirectly that you are a poor dancer. She will always tell you that "everybody dances differently."

* * *

At Columbia affairs the Barnard girls pick out the style of dancing and name it after the fraternity whose fratres are exhibiting it. Don't be surprised at the Junior Prom if Barnard '22 can tell you a man's house without seeing his frat pin. The young ones from Brooks and Furnald are scientists in their observation and their classification.

* * *

At nearly every public dance one of your fool sports gets on the floor and rushes some girl of his own mentality around, crashing into people and causing you to doubt his immunity from reversion to type. And once in a while there is the elderly man, a clumsy dancer, usually a little lit up, who tries an old-

fashioned waltz to the delight of the gallery and the inconvenience of the dancers.

* * *

The bromides that escape the passing frail are many, quite many. All are passable except, perhaps, the tittering, "I don't know whether it's a fox-trot or a one step. I dance them all the same."

CONFESSIONS OF A COLUMNIST

Altho we appear to be a normal, healthy, lazy columnist, we expect shortly to die of a disease peculiar to Columbia. This affliction is known to its victims as Easthallitis. The chief symptom is devotion to an undergraduate, non-athletic activity.

Many holders of Kings Crowns have been touched by even a mild case of Easthallitis. They managed to pass the buck, muddle thru, or get out when they had finished the day's work.

If you are a genuine East Hall lounger, you spend more time discussing your work and the general activities of the University than you do at your editorial desk. When you think of neglecting any part of your daily routine, the first thing that comes to mind is the next class.

It's a long, sad story. To paraphrase an advertising slogan of a few years ago: GIVE A THOUGHT TO EAST HALL.

IN AN EMPTY NEWSPAPER OFFICE

The labored clicking of
Spineless typewriter keys

OFF-HOUR

Sounds sickly-sharp
In this patch of dingy light.
The files hang on the walls, stupidly,
Like paper bags in a butcher's shop.
Gone the jostling, yelling crowd
Of Columbia's high noon——

* * *

A door squeaks outside,
Protesting against the energy
That sends it swinging back.

* * *

Well, Charlie Proffitt's working, too
It's only eleven thirty-eight.

O'GRADY SEZZ

III

Pipefuls

PIPEFULS

Taxicab Drivers

WE have often wondered what sort of soldiers taxi drivers were in the world war. Never have we seen men who expressed animosity so vigorously and did nothing to back it up. Of course, two taxi drivers who have rammed each other's car always raise the question of legitimacy right off the bat, and attribute to the particular opponent some unmentionable deviations from the moral code. But they never use their fists.

* * *

We doubt their accuracy. They have their own peculiar ideas about making change. And their meters! We discovered the other day that from Fifth Avenue and 54th Street to Grand Central it is one and a quarter miles by a taxi meter the flag of which is not shoved all the way down.

* * *

They are, however, supreme psychologists. When you take a girl to her home in a taxi they wait, after they have been paid, to see if they can't land you as a return fare by making you look like a cheap skate before your girl.

* * *

In fiction these birds rank high. They are always on hand at the climax of the plot to carry the amateur detective who follows the murder car. And in real

murder mysteries they sometimes furnish interesting information, as in the Elwell case.

* * *

Cynics they certainly must be. Their cars have been used for highly unconventional purposes. Their trade brings them into contact with others of unsavory trades.

* * *

Taxi drivers carry police whistles. An amusing piece of equipment! The innocent public should be furnished with those whistles, so that they can get a little support when they have the guts to refuse to knuckle under to a tyrannical meter-fixer.

Shaving

IT is always nice to be clean-shaven. You never know whom you are going to meet in the course of the day. There is a deal of petty annoyance in getting the old mug neatly scraped; but, in the end, there is a thrill of artistic exultation as you slop the cold water over smooth jaw bones and velvety chin. We have most of our trouble with those little cubby holes just below the chin. We have to put on our specs and inspect the ragged edges with the same thoroness as is shown by a company commander when he examines of a Saturday, the chamber of your U. S. Army Rifle, Model 1917.

* * *

It is nasty when you have to shave against the grain. You ruffle your disposition and you sometimes cut yourself.

* * *

We used to operate with an open-blade razor. Father gave us a good strop for it. In stropping the

razor we mortally wounded a choice bit of leather. We are a very clumsy sort of person in technical matters, anyhow.

* * *

Let us wander into the philosophy of shaving. Isn't it amusing to imagine well-known individuals reversed in the matter of facial façade? Just suppose Brander Matthews, the first student in Columbia College, had a countenance as bare as a newly issued army spoon! And how would those chaste-chinned worthies, Henry Lang and James Rice, founders of Columbia University in the City of New York, look with beards! How would Harrison Ross Steeves lecture if he wore Carlos Contreras' mustache! Consider the aspect of Charlie Proffitt clad in Doc Meylan's Vandyke! Of course, it is all too ridiculous. We restrain ourself.

Second Balconies

THE motto of our class in high school was "Umquam altior." In our visits to the theater we have often thought of that motto, as we toiled slowly to our 83 or 55 cent seats. We don't mind the climb, but sometimes we have a horrible fear that the girls would like to sit somewhere else. Yes, Tessie, there are girls who will sit in a second balcony, so much do they love the theater.

* * *

Those who sit way up at the Metropolitan may be the best students and the most enthusiastic lovers of opera. We don't dispute that assertion. But we do think that the Bronx and its momma are not the most intelligent people in a theater just because they patronize the cheap seats. Did you ever watch a play in which liquor was served, and squirm in your seat when some arch humoriste, probably an incompetent

telephone operator on the outside, giggles, "I wonder where he got it?" Have you ever had the pleasure of sitting near the middle-aged, thin, nervous man who repeats to his wife and his daughter Minnie the lines just spoken? Our pet antipathy is the intense young school teacher who keeps repeating that the man "in character" is "very clever." She concentrates on him and ignores the rest of a very competent cast.

* * *

Even in the balcony some class distinctions are drawn. Ever notice, at a cut-rate musical show, how the folks from Gray's get the last rows and the box office patrons are seated in the first three rows?

Thoughts of a Former College Boy

EAST is East—and shall be until some academic mechanism, the threat of years, brought into being because somebody gave the University some money, shuts off the Chapel from the light of sunset, sends into oblivion the sacred red bricks of East Hall. The thought of this sacrilege! A crowd of Extensionite nonentities yowling French conjugations on the site of an altar! The elevator ascends carrying a bat-eyed Doctor of Philosophy where once burned the Blessed Sacrament of Laughter!

Here in Westchester County are many trees. In the late afternoon of winter they grace the snow-covered hills, topped by burnished clouds which, from White Plains, seem to be fixed over Yonkers. The majesty of a winter sky never sought Yonkers. Surely God chose Yonkers in a moment of pure deviltry—this world gets some queer breaks from the Big Boss.

* * *

The work of a police reporter is scarcely creative; the work of a columnist is—often distressingly so. Tuesday morning at two-eighteen we wandered into a citadel on West Thirtieth Street. Silent it stood with its barred windows and gray stone. Two green lights, not symbolic but definitive, make this citadel "the 23" or, officially the Twenty-third precinct police station. Inside Lieutenant Eddie Moran was "at the bat." He ran thru a pack of pink and blue cards—aided cases and final disposition of arrests—with the remark, "Let's see if we've got anything for you." We read a pink card, and wrote in a cheap memorandum book, "7:25. Fred G. Judge. 36 (with a circle around it). Willimantic, Conn. Carty, N. Y. Insane. Penn H. Chas. Frayler 8704." These reporter's notes say that last night Judge, a man thirty-six years old, from a town in Connecticut, was removed from the Hotel Pennsylvania, insane, and carried to Bellevue by one of New York Hospital's electric-driven ambulances. In the ambulance rode Dr. Carty. Perhaps Tompkins was driving. Tompkins is a hell of a good kid. The cop from the house which has this official record is Charles Frayler. His shield number (army days!) is 8704. He went off duty at midnight. Perhaps he's sleeping in the squad-room in the citadel, doing reserve. Perhaps he saluted the desk, boarded an Eighth Avenue car, sat down to a good hot supper with the wife, and swapped with her the gossip of the day. . . . Judge was almost certainly a guest. Of enough importance to rate half-a-stick in *The New York Times?* Not at two-thirty in the morning. Not by a damn sight. Perhaps he wrecked his room and terrified a bell-hop. Perhaps. Surely it would take twenty minutes to clean up the

story. So we said, "Thanks, Lieutenant. 'Night," and went our way.

* * *

Well, we note that the Juniors in the right-hand column revelled in their annual prom at the Ritz. In our day Juniors likewise revelled in their annual prom at the Ritz in the right-hand column. The Juniors at Columbia would no more dance at the Pennsylvania under an inside C head than a certain university official of our acquaintance would, in running togs, welcome the entering Freshmen to his realm of academic activities and inspiration. It's a grand thing, that, about our Alma Mater—thine and mine—she always does the thing as proper as can be.

* * *

Bruce's den. A large workshop with a drawing board, skiis, golf sticks (the irons are all rust except the putter), college pennants, the big sloping armchair that the Russells asked us to keep for them when they quit housekeeping. There's blind Homer playing to two women of heroic mold and classic draperies. Poor old Homer. Today he would strum a uke and warble "Frankie and Johnny" to two tittering kids who lounged in the window-seat and puffed Deities reflectively and snapped their fingers.

There's no place for turning out an *Off-Hour* like the den of the famous prep school columnist, Bruce. We are now smoking the fifth shot of Edgeworth in Bruce's little Italian briar, using his yellow copy paper. Yellow copy paper. Dear us!

* * *

Here on the desk, next to the Corona that Bruce uses, is a copy of *Life*. Benchley, Bob Sherwood, Bill Hanemann, Corey Ford. Good Lord, we knew

Ford when he was a Freshman, writing for *Jester!*

An airplane just buzzed away toward the south. The pilot is sending his ship thru a light snowfall, and thinking of the Aero Club dinner the other night—the long speeches, the crap game at the far end of the room, the old gang from the squadron, Issoudon, his first crash.

* * *

Columbia offers many courses the value of which doesn't register in the reflective moments that sometimes separate tea dances or hours of labor. But a few blessed semesters become part of the bone and fibre of the men who have enjoyed them. Whoever gets over Hayes or Matthews or Steeves? Who, this side of Purgatory, hasn't a controversial opinion of Ray (doesn't like to be called "Buck") Weaver? A technical course of music we unfortunately neglected on the structural side, though not on the receptive, was Mason's Appreciation of Music.

* * *

The Columbia College man isn't a superman, but he has the distinction of being uncollegiate in the best sense. He's not very often a sporting gent, a prig, or a boob. He's keen enough in the classroom to have handed him a good all-around batting and fielding average by instructors who know the men of other colleges...And he's unaffected in his attendance upon good music and good drama and good talk. A eulogy of him is the pride of our middle years.

* * *

It's good to be here writing a column.

* * *

Bruce is home, and grins at us tolerantly.

O'GRADY SEZZ.

IV

Trial Spins

TRIAL SPINS

RED CHEVRON

I muse on days in cadence barked,
And thoughts that bit the brain,
A clean fight missed,
A letter kissed,
A furlough hard to gain.
The buddies there of hike and mess—
A few I cuss, but most I bless—
(Fate's ways with men are fathomless.
I learned that in the Army.)

I've seen men rage with silent lips,
And some were dogged by smut,
And men, full-grown,
Whose brains were sown
With dark, and reaped a rut,
A few whose eyes were eyes of crooks,
And those who'd loom up fine in books.
Oh—some were captains, some were cooks!
(A queer bunch that—the Army.)

The picture comes of barrack stove;
Its group, in smoke and spit,
Would give their view
On who was who
With gay uncensored wit.
They often swore—they'd never sob;
Well, Mac, so long—I'm in a job. . . .

They sang and yelled like Hell's own mob—
I'm out of this man's Army.

AUGUST TWILIGHT, CAMP COLUMBIA

The hills, the quiet hills,
Fall asleep,
Caressed by the eternal song
Of the night-wind,
The legato lullaby of the Berkshires.
Under the quilt of moonlight
Every little contour,
Every base mark,
Every angle of elevation
In Kippy Finch's domain
Stirs not.

* * *

It was a night
Religious in its tranquillity;
But, hell,
I got cold sitting so long
On the camp water-tower.

JINGLES FROM THE STEEVESIAN

Sing a song of English Lit,
Awe-inspiring quite:
Realists, romanticists,
Genius infinite.

Henry James

Ah, lucid, brief, life-loving James,
Who writes for all and myst'ry tames!
His roguish humour makes us dimple;
His picture's clear, his diction's simple.

Maurice Maeterlinck

O deep within the land of hidden thought
With puzzling allegoric lines to tell
There goes the mystic moral Belgian seer,
Who makes us see—oh, hell, there goes the bell

Rudyard Kipling

O sing to us. Thy words uncouth
Have still a strong appeal to youth—
Bear in mind where'er the fightin',
Whether darkness, dirt, or Huns—
"If you want to win your battles,
Take an' work your bloomin' guns."

Stevenson and Ibsen

The lasting youth of R.L.S.,
His romance worth laudation
Gain foil from Ibsen's stage technique
And social penetration.

Thomas Hardy

And thou, O bard of Egdon Heath,
Does thy work ban or bless?
Are we the tools of Nature, too,
Like Henchard, Clare, and Tess?

Oscar Wilde

Life's irony, Life's tragedy,
Life's bitter sordid fact
Cannot be veiled by flashing wit,
Tho brilliant to the act:
Like wrath of gods in days of old

(No comments parenthetic!)
Came Death unto the fame of Wilde,
Æsthetic, not ascetic.

O. Henry

A crock of suds; the bourgeoisie;
Six bucks a week the world to see;
The slums, the smells, the sights, the sounds;
And bums on benches; cops on rounds;
And long-lost loves; tears; shabby rooms;
A crosstown car; a fight; the Tombs—
There's much he saw (tho much he missed),
This Porter of the Double Twist.
Sing a song of English Lit,
Awe-inspiring quite:
Realists, romanticists,
Genius infinite.

LIGHTS—A FRAGMENT

High lights in a painting by Millet.
Street lights, grotesque beyond a rain-dashed window.
Lights in cold corridors of a giant dam.
The forbidden glow of a cigarette in a shadowy trench.
Lights of a distant town, seen from a mountain height.
Intervalled lights of Governor's Island in the sound-
pierced harbor fog.
A house burning, across the valley, as the wind whips.

* * *

In human eyes lights that are tear-blurred,
And lights that change the semblance of a face,
Firing quick-fuses in the gamut behind the mask.
Footlights and behind them Life stalks and shuffles,
Catching cues too often from the wings.

* * *

The faithful have their vivid glow of faith,
And the atheists their dull steady flame of doubt.

TO M. L. O.

A lilting lay
Some gladsome day
I've sworn I'd pen
  To Margaret
But your polysyllabled name, you know
Requires a dainty rhyme, and so
  I've wondered what would trippingly go
  With M. L. O.
  Or Margaret.
With ease, forsooth,
Comes rhymes for Ruth;
Less jingling when
  It's Margaret.
There's no word appropriate, lady, tho
I've searched afar; so, cheerio,
I've scorned not repetition, and lo!
  I've ended so—
  Just Margaret.

LONESOMENESS

Thru days of beauty,
Soured by the noises of bickering men,
(Who include myself)
I pass,
Longing, in despair,
For the sound of your voice
And the striding strength of you in the dreamy dusk
  of October.

TRIAL SPINS

TO A DE HAVILAND FOUR

A song you hum from sea to sea.
Now darting low o'er factory smoke,
Now piercing clouds that mountains cloak;
Your mission and your song invoke
The Spirits of the Air.

And, sounding space with rich round tone,
The Palisades you cross; and sway
Through monochrome of harbor gray;
The eyes of Gotham's dying day
Behold you sailing there.

SOME TIME AFTERWARD

I

Now that you're an incident
I know you . . . dear . . .
(How anger dies of old age.)
Born of contending natures,
Desiring from life
A nobility of the spirit,
A certain power of the mind,
And an unworthiness of the body.

II

You attained a share of each—
And lived without pretense of unearthiness.

III

With patient, graceful course
You gained the love of men;
Lied in the gaining,
Scorned the men who loved you.

IV

I've heard you murmuring
With your wistful, silent doubts,
"If I married a man,
I'd be faithful to him."

V

We'll turn that page.
I knew your strong delight in simple things:
Storm wind on a summer stream,
A mountain road at sunset,
A child's smile,
A line of Rupert Brooke's.

VI

God's irony dowered you
With blessings of tenderness
And music
And humor.

VII

Once you thrilled to a simple kiss
For all your cursed heritage of lust.

TATTOO

Ringing tuneful over bare, brown drill field,
Borne on the night wind far and near—
Bugles echoing quick and dying;
Night's come and day's gone,
Day dull and drear.
So I stride by the starlight,
Mind's light in dream sight
Of melody castles full built by tattoo.

Then silent barrack and near-empty road
Leave to God and the sentry the vigil and thought.

TO V. B. B.

Comes the drowsy, eery tune
Of a Berkshire afternoon
To me, tramping by my lonesome
In a rain-swept city way.

And I'm back in a canoe
On the lake; and Tick and you
Do the paddling while I day dream
"Blowing Bubbles" may I say?

At each dip your loosened hair
Catches movement from the air,
Catches glints from off the sunlight—
Vi, New York is dull today.

EAST HALL AT NIGHT

HOMELY little literary dugout,
Lighted as unobtrusively
As a former licensed liquor saloon
On West Street,
Where men from ships
Drink.
Within
The Freshman's typewriter-pecking
And the sharp "blunk"
Of steam pipes
Echo thru the hall
And the oaths of former editors
Thru the memory.

O'GRADY SEZZ